

ANDROMACHE.

TRAGEDY.

As it is

ACTED

AT THE

Dukes Theatre.

*M. John Crown*

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L O N D O N,

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A. D. R. G. M. A. C. H. E.

FRAGILE

ACCT

Duke of York



THE DUKES OF YORK



THE  
E P I S T L E  
TO THE  
R E A D E R.



His Play was Translated  
by a young Gentleman,  
who has a great esteem of  
all *French* Playes, and  
particularly of this; and  
thinking it pity the Town  
should lose so excellent a Divertisement  
for want of a Translation, bestow'd his  
pains upon it; and it happening to be in  
my hands in the long Vacation, a time  
when the Play-houses are willing to  
catch at any Reed to save themselves from  
Sinking, to do the House a kindness, and  
serve

*To the Reader.*

serve the Gentleman, who it seem'd, was desirous to see it on the Stage, I willingly perused it, but found neither the Play to answer the Gentlemans Commendation, nor his *Genius* in Verse very fortunate, and yet neither of e'm so contemptible as to be wholly slighted; but neither the Gentleman nor my self, having leisure enough to make those Emendations, which both the Play and the Verse needed; I begged leave of him to turn it into Prose, which I obtained, and so it is in the condition you see. If the Play be barren of Fancy, you must blame the Original Author. I am as much inclined to be civil to Strangers as any Man; but then they must be Strangers of Merit. I would no more be at the pains to bestow Wit (if I had any) on a *French* Play, then I would be at the cost to bestow Cloaths on every shabby *French-Man* that comes over; for neither of e'm would have qualities to deserve my Charity. Yet that I pre-  
judice



*To the Reader.*

Judice not the Book Seller, I will do him  
and the Play this right to say, that this of  
*French Playes*, is far from being the  
worst. It is much esteemed in *France*,  
and here too, by some *English* who are ad-  
mirers of the *French* Wit, and think this  
suffered much in the Translation, I can-  
not tell in what, except in not bestowing  
Verse upon it, which I thought it did  
not deserve; for otherwise there is all that  
is in the *French* Play *verbatim*, and some-  
thing more, as may be seen in the last Act,  
where what is only dully recited in the  
*French* Play, is there represented; which  
is no small advantage: but to let those  
Gentlemen, whoever they are, enjoy the  
felicity of their opinions, I will make bold  
to affirm, the Play deserved a better li-  
king then it found; and had it been Acted  
in the good well meaning times, when the  
*Cid* *Heraclius*, and other *French* Playes  
met such applause, this would have passed  
very well; but since our Audiences have  
tasted

## To the Reader.

tasted so plentifully the firm *English*  
Wit, these thin *Regalio's* will not down.  
This I thought good to say, both for the  
Play, and also in my own behalf, to clear  
my self of the scandal of this poor Tran-  
slation, wherewith I was slandered, in  
spite of all that I could say in private, in  
spite of what the Prologue and Epilogue  
affirmed on the Stage in publick, which I  
wrote in the Translators name, that if the  
Play met with any success, he might  
wholly take to himself a Reputation, of  
which I was not in the least ambitious.

*F. C.*

The

# The Names of the Persons.

<i>Pyrrhus</i>	King of <i>Epirus</i> , in Love with <i>Andromache</i> .
<i>Phœnix</i> ,	A Courtier.
<i>Orestes</i> ,	Son of <i>Agamemnon</i> , in Love with <i>Hermione</i> .
<i>Pylades</i> ,	Friend to <i>Orestes</i> .
<i>Andromache</i> ,	Widow of <i>Hector</i> , a Captive.
<i>Hermione</i> ,	Daughter to <i>Menelaus</i> and <i>Helene</i> , in Love with <i>Pyrrhus</i> .
<i>Cephiste</i> ,	{ Women to } <i>Andromache</i> .
<i>Clæone</i> ,	
	{ <i>Hermione</i> .
	Greeks, Guards, Attendants.
The Scene,	<i>Buthrotes</i> capital City of <i>Epirus</i> .

Prologue

# Prologue.

**T**Hough you new Poets have just cause to fear,  
Yet to save charge, to day we bold appear  
To Act a Play by a new Poet made,  
Who n'ere till now adventur'd on the Trade.  
No itch of Rhime did in himself detect,  
Nor in the least himself a Wit suspect:  
And being humble, better manners shews,  
Then his own Fustian on you to impose;  
Borrow'd digested Wit to ripeness grown,  
Which though not good, is better then his own;  
And never hoping to be one of Note,  
He only turns a shabby French-Mans Coat,  
A habit which to ease our Purse he chose,  
No one rich trimming upon Rags bestows.  
True, he has pitch'd on an Old musty Tale,  
Of Troy and Greece, a story something stale;  
And all old things we naturally despise;  
But since it drew out Tears from French-Mens Eyes,  
The English so much for good nature fam'd,  
Of some small pity will not be asham'd.  
Do not hard hearted to poor Trojans grow,  
Destroy'd some thirty hundred years ago.

Andromache




ANDROMACHE.  
A Tragedy.

ACT I.

Enter *Orestes* and *Pylades*, Embracing.

*Orestes.*

 Friend! my Fortune now (I see) begins to put on another Aspect, and soften her displeasures, since she her self has taken care in this unexpected place to restore us to each other. Who would have thought a shore so fatal to my Vows as this, should ever have obliged *Orestes* with the sight of his dear *Pylades*? that after six months past in despair to find thee, the Court of my Rival *Pyrrhus* should restore thee?

*Pylad.* Thanks to the Gods! who confining me here, seem'd to have shut up my passage to *Greece*, since the fatal day when the rage of combining Winds and Seas dispersed our Fleet in the very sight of *Mycene*. Oh! what sorrows have I suffered in this Exile? how many tears have I shed for your misfortunes? Fearing lest some new danger should surprize my *Orestes*, which unfortunate I should not partake. Above all, I trembled at that profound melancholly in which I perceived his Soul so long entombed. I dreaded lest Heaven by cruel pity, should afford my Friend that death he so importunately sought. But now I see him, embrace him, and more, dare now conclude a happy Destiny leads him to *Epirus*. This pompous train Sir that follows you, seems not the Equipage of an unfortunate man who comes to seek for death.



# Andromache. A Tragedy.

*Orest.* Alas! Who knows what Destiny designs me here. What I seek I know, it is a cruel fair one — what my destiny shall be, I know not that depends upon her, and who can resolve me, whether she will ordain me life, or death.

*Pylad.* How! Is your Soul once more enter'd into that Bondage? Do you repose your life on her? What charms after such torments suffered could intice you again into those chains? Think you that *Hermione* inexorable at *Sparta*, should be kind at *Epirus*: ashamed to have offered up so many superfluous Vows, You then abhorred and forgot her, at least seemed so. I find you then deceived me.

*Orest.* It was my self I deceived. Friend do not insult over an unhappy man who loves thee. Have I ever concealed my heart from thee? Thou sawest my first Languishings, my first sighs for Love were breathed in thy ears; In short, when *Menelaus* disposed of his Daughter in favour of *Pyrhus*, and rewarded the revenger of his Family with the beautiful *Hermione*; Thou then wast witness of my despair, thou sawest me drag my chains from Sea to Sea, the World was too little for my unquiet Soul; I beheld thee with regret, following in that miserable estate the deplorable *Orestes*, still interposing betwixt my rage and me.

*Pylad.* With sorrow I remember it.

*Orest.* But when I call'd to mind that whilst rejected, I was suffering under *Hermiones* hate, she was prodigal of her beauties to *Pyrhus*; Thou knowest then how my heart seized with a generous indignation sought to revenge her contempt of me, by forgetting her. I took all those passions for transports of hate, detested her rigours, despised her charms, and defied her power, and imagined with my self, that I had quite overthrown her Dominion in me.

*Pylad.* That I also thought.

*Orest.* In this imaginary and deceitful calm we parted, and I not long after arrived at *Greece*; where immediately I found all the Princes assembled about a danger sufficient to awake their fear. Glad of this, thither I ran; and hoped by War and Glory to fill my Soul with nobler and more important cares than Love.

*Pylad.* Happy change!

*Orest.* But

## *Andromache. A Tragedy.*

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*Orest.* But now admire my Destiny. I am forced upon all those fatal Pikes which I had escaped. It seems confused murmurs fill all Greece, and *Pyrrhus* on every side is threatened, they complaining that he, forgetting both his alliance and promise, protects and educates in his Court, the young publick Enemy of Greece.

*Pylad.* *Affianax* the unfortunate Infant, Son of *Heber*?

*Orest.* The same. This Child it seems was saved from death by his Mother *Andromache*, who deceived the subtle *Ulysses*, she seeming to embrace with all the tenderness of a Mother, another child for hers; that mistaken child was ravished from her arms, and murdered whilst this lay safely concealed.

*Pylad.* Of this I have been already informed since my arrival here.

*Orest.* And now (they say) my too happy Rival here, *Pyrrhus* grows insensible of the charms of *Hermione*, and tenders elsewhere his heart and Crown. At which her Father *Menelaus* much concern'd, complains of the long-neglected marriage; This creates a secret joy in my Soul; I triumph, flattering my self all the while that this transport only proceeds from Revenge.—But alas!

*Pylad.* I fear it has another cause.

*Orest.* Thy fears are just: For the ingrateful *Hermione* again re-assumes her power; my ill-quencht fires blaze out again; my passions only run in a circle, and now end where they began.—in Love,—or rather I have all this while unknown to my self,—Loved.

*Pylad.* Endless Distractions! Incurable disease of Love!

*Orest.* And now by the command and suffrage of Greece I am come hither Embassadour to *Pyrrhus*, to try if I can snatch that Infant from his protection, whose life alarms the universal Estates. But I shall think my self most happy, if instead of *Affianax*, I can ravish hence my Princess.

*Pylad.* A Fatal Design!

# Andromache. A Tragedy.

*Orest.* Hinder me not; For in short, my re-inkindled flame rages with greater fury than ever; And now finding after so many efforts all my resistance vain, I blindly resign my self to the violence of my passion; and let it lead me whither it will.

*Pylad.* Gods!

*Orest.* No more. I love, and I come to seek her I love; *Hermione*, here, in *Epyrus*, in this City, in this Palace, in the very arms of *Pyrrhus*, and I will snatch her hence, or die in her sight.— But thou who art not ignorant of my Rivals affairs, tell me, what passes in his Court, in his Soul! Will he resolve to retain my *Hermione*? or fairly resign to me the heart he ravished from me?

*Pylad.* Sir; I should abuse your hopes, should I promise you that. Not, that he payes her any such great regard, he offers devotion now at other Altars; the fair *Andromache*, *Hector's* widow commands his Soul; but governs it with such severity, that her beauty revenges your quarrel, and requites his passion with hate as great as that *Hermione* paid to yours; and provokes the proud *Pyrrhus* to such excess of rage, that every day he attempts either to make her embrace his Love, or dread his Power. He threatens the life of her Infant-Son, and makes him responsible for his mothers disdain: And when he finds that even this cannot subdue her invincible mind, then in revenge he returns to the first obedience he vowed to *Hermione*, falls at her feet, and payes her dissembled homage; sighs, less with Love than Fury; And in short, I cannot say what a heart so little master of it self, in so great disorder will not dare to do. He may, Sir, perhaps in this extremity martyr what he hates, destroy what he adores.

*Orest.* Gods! That the Fate of her I so much adore, should be at the dispose of one that hates her. But how does *Hermione* bear this rude contempt?

*Pylad.* Greatly. — in appearance! — seems to return his inconstancy with scorn, and expects to see him at her feet, imploring her pardon, and rendering his heart with all submission, glad if it can be received, and he at last appease her rigour. This is the publick countenance she shews; — But Sir, in private, — I have seen her weep; She hath often trusted her tears to me,

## *Andromache. A Tragedy.*

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me, and to me bewailed her distress; sometimes calling all the Gods, and oftentimes *Orestes* to her aid.

*Orest.* Oh! Thou say'st this to flatter my sorrow. If I thought I would instantly —

*Pyrrus.* More of this anon! Sir! — Mean while finish your Embassy. Go to the King. Speak boldly your message to him. Tell him how the angry *Greeks* have all resolved the death of *Hector's* Son; urge the affair with violence. This will awake more his tenderness for *Andromache*, provoke him to engage the deeper in her affairs; and by consequence desert *Hermione*. The more you embroil him in the quarrel with the *Greeks* for the Protection of his Mistress's Son, the faster you tie the knot twixt him and his Mistress. Press, demand so that you may be denied. I will conduct you to him. I left him walking in the Pallace-Garden. — But see he has heard of your arrival, and comes this way.

*Orest.* 'Tis well; — Go then to my cruel fair, and dispose her for the visit of a Lover, who comes not hither but for her sake.

## Scen. II.

### *Pyrrus, Orestes, Phoenix, and Train.*

*Orest.* Before the Estates of *Greece* speak to you by my voice, Permit me to entertain my self with a secret satisfaction, that I see the Son of *Achilles*, and Conqueror of *Troy*; He whom we all admire equally with his Father; *Hector* fell by him, and *Troy* by You. You by infinite courage have shewn that none but You could fill up his room. But now after so many glorious Exploits done for *Greece*, she is grieved, and astonished to see *Troy* rising again under the protection of the *Hero* by whom he fell; To see You cherishing the only remains of all the race of Kings rooted up by your hand. Sir; Have You forgot who *Hector* was? If You have, our enfeebled Nation too well remembers him.



him. His very Name yet makes our Widows and Daughters tremble. Scarce a Family in *Greece*, but demands of this unhappy Son a Father or a Husband, whom *Hector* ravished from 'em. And who knows what his Son shall one day perform? Perhaps we shall see him descend into our Ports, and with all the courage of his Father, set our Ships ablazing in our fight.—  
 Nay Sir, shall I dare to tell my thoughts? perhaps your self shall see a fatal recompence of all your cares, and find you have nourish'd a Serpent in your bosom, who shall severely punish your indiscreet kindness. In short, comply with the *Greeks*, satisfy their revenge, secure your self; Destroy an Enemy, who at present may provoke the *Greeks* against you, and hereafter the whole world.

*Pyrrhus.* *Greece* for my safety grows too studious; I thought their cares did not descend so low. I expected some very sublime affair to be the design of so great an Embassy. Who would have believ'd the son of *Agamemnon*, and an entire People so often triumphant, should so busily conspire the death of an Infant? But to whom must he be sacrific'd? Does *Greece* yet pretend a right to his Life? And must I alone of all the *Greeks* not be permitted to dispose of the Captives my Lot ordained me? Yes Sir; For when at the foot of *Troy's* Ruin'd walls the Conquerors did by Lot divide the spoils, Fortune threw into my hands *Andromache* and her Son. *Hecuba* ended her misery near *Ulysses*. *Cassandra* followed your Father to *Argos*; Over them and their Captives did I pretend any right: Did I dispose of the fruits of their valour?

*Orest.* *Greece* would not dispute your right to greater rewards than these, and wishes a more fortunate Lot had fallen to your share.

*Pyrr.* My Lot must be enjoy'd by my self; and if it be small, let them leave to me the dissatisfaction. But they fear the *Trojan* Empire will grow with this Infant: Yes, it shall if I permit it. But their Eagle-sighted minds can discover dangers strangely remote; Things so far off appear in a mist to me. I know indeed what once *Troy* was; Proud in Ramparts, Fertile of Heroes,  
 Mistress



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Mistress of *Asia* : And I also know what was her Destiny, and what now she is. Her Towns are buried in Ashes; her Rivers filled with Blood; her Fields Desert; and her Infant-Prince in Chains : And in this estate I cannot understand what hopes she can have of revenge. But if they have sworn the death of *Hector's* Son, why have they now a whole year deferred it? why did they not kill him in the sight of old *Priam*? In the heat of War any thing was just. Age and Infancy in vain pleaded Impotence for their Defence : Transported valour was not at leisure to mind the rights of weakness and Innocence. Victory and Night more cruell than us, excited us to blood, and confounded our Swords. My rage against the conquered, was then but too severe; and shall my Cruelty so long survive my Fury? shall I now in cold blood thrust my Sword in the breast of a poor Infant? No Sir; Let the *Greeks* vent their anger else-where, and seek in other places what remains of *Troy*. The courses of my enmity are finished : And in short, what was saved at *Troy*, *Epirus* shall Protect.

*Orest.* Sir, You know with what artifice a false *Asianax* was conducted to the death due to the Son of *Hector*; And Sir, It is *Hector* whom the *Greeks* pursue. They would by the death of the Son, persecute the Father in his Tomb. By too much blood he has bought their rage, and it cannot expire but in his blood; and perhaps they will come to draw it in *Epirus*. Prevent Sir—

*Pyrrhus.* No I gladly consent. Let 'em seek in *Epirus* a second *Troy*. Let 'em confound their hate, and distinguish no more betwixt the blood of the Conqueror and the Conquered. It is not the first Injustice wherewith *Greece* has rewarded the service of *Achilles*. *Hector* reaped advantage by it once, and so hereafter may his Son.

*Orest.* What Sir, And will you then condemn the Command of all *Greece*?

*Pyrr.* And did I Conquer to be their Vassal?

*Orest.* *Hermione*, Sir, will alter these intentions; Her eyes must mediate betwixt her Father and You.

*Pyrrhus.*

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*Pyrrhus.* *Hermione*; Sir, may perhaps be dear to me; But I can love her, and not be a slave to her Father. Love shall take its due place in my heart; it shall be regarded, but not with neglect of mine Honour. Mean while Sir, you may (if you please) visit the fair Daughter of *Helene*. I know the ties of blood that unite you; and perhaps there may be nearer Bonds betwixt you. You have permission for your visit, and then to return as soon as you please, and acquaint the *Greeks* with my refusal,

*Orest. Ex.*

*Phenix.* What sir, Do you send him to the feet of his Mistress?

*Pyrrhus.* They say he has long since had a passion for this Princess.

*Phen.* True sir, And what if it should revive, and He should once more render her his heart, and she receive it?

*Pyrrhus.* Let 'em love *Phenix*; yes, and let 'em depart. Let 'em charm each other, and return to *Sparta*. I consent, my Ports are open, and my Fleet shall guard 'em hence.

*Phenix.* How sir?

*Pyrrhus.* Another time I will discover to thee more of my soul. See; *Andromache* appears.

*Enter*

*Andromache*

*Pyrrhus.* Is it me, Madam, you seek? and may I be permitted a hope so charming?

*Androm.* I am going to the place where they guard your prisoner my Son, all that remains to me of my dear Lord; My only pleasure now is to weep a moment with him.

*Pyrrhus.* The *Greeks*, Madam, if I may believe their own Embassy, will give you shortly too much cause to weep with him.

*Androm.* Why sir, what new anger does possess 'em.

*Pyrrhus.* Their hate to his Father is not yet quenched. — It seems they fear his son.

*Androm.* Worthy object of Fear! A poor Infant that knows not *Pyrrhus* is his Master, or He the son of *Hector*.

*Pyrrhus.* What e're he is! the *Greeks* demand that he dies, and the son of *Agamemnon* is come to see their doom executed.

*Androm.*

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*Androm.* And will you pronounce so cruel a Decree? Is it I that make him criminal? It is through him that they seek to wound me; the pretence is against him, but the hate to me.

*Pyrr.* Madam. My denial prevents your tears. The *Greeks* threaten me with their Arms; and if they will have your Son from my protection, they must come and fetch him with a thousand Vessels: I will defend his life whilst I enjoy my own. But whilst I run through all these perils to serve you, will you refuse me one smile: whilst I am fighting for you, shall I be still reckon'd among your enemies?

*Androm.* Ah sir! What do you do? what will *Greece* say of you? would you that a design so Noble and Generous, should be thought only the transport of an amorous mind that could not govern it self. And can you wish that a poor captive always mourning and weary of her self, should trouble You with her Heart: And if you had it; what would you do with a Heart that must be always fighting, and fighting for sorrows of which you are the Author; No, sir; To regard the misery of an enemy, to save the distressed, to restore the Son to his Mother, and bravely to protect him from the fury of an hundred Nations; and all this without demanding payment of my Heart, are deeds worthy of the son of *Achilles*.

*Pyrr.* Gods! will your anger and hate be eternal? will you be for ever punishing the same crimes? It is true, you derive your misery from me, And *Phrygia* hath seen my hand a hundred times stained in the blood of your Friends; But I have paid dearly for it; your eyes have sufficiently punished me for the tears I have made 'em shed. I have suffer'd more ill than I inflicted on your Country. Conquered, Enchained, Pined with sorrow, burnt with more Fires than I enkindled at *Troy*; so many cares, tears, and sorrows, inquietudes. — In short, You have been more cruel than ever I was. But we have had our turns to punish each other, and now our common Enemies go about to unite us. Now, Madam, I render you your Son, and will be a Father to him; will instruct him to revenge his Country, and punish the *Greeks*, who have done you ill, and mine. Encouraged by the least regard from you I can undertake any thing. You may

shall rise again out of its ashes; and in much less time than the Greeks spent in taking it, I will re-build its walls, and Crown your Son.

*Androm.* Alas: Sir, we are now not at all ambitious of those Glories; we promised our selves these things whilst my Lord lived; now it is our duty to disregard e'm. No, you sacred Wells, who could not preserve my Lord, shall never hope to see me more. To less favours we pretend. It is exile, my Tears implore. Permit me, far from the Greeks, and far from you, to hide my Son, and lament my Husband. Mean while do you return to your fair *Hermione*.

*Pyrr.* VWhat do you bid me do? must I offer her a heart, which you retain? I know that I by vows have promised her my Crown; I know, also, that she comes hither to Reign. A different fate conducted you two, to *Epirus*; you to be a Captain, she a Queen; you to wear chains, she to impose e'm: Notwithstanding all this, have I taken any care to please her? nay, on the contrary. I have changed your destinies, placed her Scepter in your hand, and your Fetters upon her. Alas! one of those sighs I hourly spend in vain for you, she would value above my Crown.

*Androm.* And why, Sir, should she not; has she any reason so be unmindful of your past Services, you have ruin'd no Country, slain no Husband of hers? what did I say, slain no Husband! Oh fatal thought! she derives her glory from yours, but yours is founded on my ruine: my Husbands death made your Father immortal; and your Father and you are not known, but at the cost of my tears.

*Pyrr.* 'Tis well Madam, I will obey you, forget you, or rather hate you. Yes, and perhaps, I will refuse my anger, nothing it craves. The Son shall answer for the contempt of the Mother: Greece demands him; I perhaps shall not expose my glory to save the ingrateful.

*Androm.* Then he must die! He has nothing to defend him, but my tears, and his innocence. The advantage I shall gain by it, will be a conclusion of my life and sorrow, who prolonged both only for his sake. And with him I shall go visit  
his



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his Father, from whose Heroick shade I have been long absent in life with much impatience.

*Pyrr.* Go, Madam—go, see your Son. Perhaps in seeing him, your Soul grown less bold, will take care how it follows these resentments.

I'll shortly visit you to know the event;

Preserve the Son for whom you so lament. *Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### *Hermione. Cleone.*

*Herm.* I consent he may see me. And I also grant him the pleasure to let his Friend conduct him. But if I may be believ'd, I would rather not see him.

*Cleo.* Why Madam? has he any thing fatal in his presence? Is he not the same *Orestes*, whose return you have wished for a hundred times? and whose love and constancy you have often pitied:

*Herm.* It is this ill requited love, which makes his presence in this place so unwelcome to me; what shame for me, what triumph for him, to see me now as unfortunate as his revenge can will me? Is this (will he say) the severe *Hermione*, who so much disdain'd me, and is now as much disdain'd? The angry grateful heart, which set it self at so high a price, has now in its turn learnt to endure contempt.

Ah, Gods!

*Cleo.* Disperse these thoughts! He too well knows the power of your beauty, to come hither to insult over it. He brings you a heart, which he could never take from you. But Madam, you do not tell me what news from your Father.

*Herm.* If *Pyrrhus* persevere in his delays, and oppose the death of the young Trojan, my Father and all the Greeks command me to depart.



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*Cleon.* Ah, Madam! then listen to *Orestes*. *Pyrrhus* has begun the work, do you conclude it. Prevent the affront he would put upon you; you have confessed to me you hate him.

*Herm.* I know not *Cleon*, if I may trust my heart or no. My sense of glory, and his base ingratitude, stir me violently. He that was so dear to me, thus to betray me! And yet I fear I have loved him too well, ever to hate him cordially.

*Cleon.* Then Madam, fly from him. And since —

*Herm.* Ah! prithee give my fury time to grow a little. Let me get some assurance against my enemy. With horreur I go to separate from him. It will be too much to his satisfaction. The unfaithful man endeavours that too much.

*Cleon.* What, Madam, will you stay for some new affront? Love his Captive, and love her before your eyes? cannot all this render him odious? after this what can he do? If this cannot displease you, nothing will.

*Herm.* Why cruel *Cleon*, dost thou strive to provoke me more? I am sick enough already with grief and shame. I abhor, in the condition I am in, to know my self. Nor do I know what I would have! — come nothing — stops us — let us fly! — Fly, and leave him to the enjoyment of his unworthy Conquest. Leave him to the command of his Captive. — But! — if the ungrateful man should yet remember himself — return to his duty — fall at my feet, and implore my pardon — re-assume my Chains; and bow — Oh! Gods! he enrages me! I will stay to trouble his fortune, vex his Soul, and blast his joys. I will force him to break his vows to me, that I may render him the more odious to Greece. I have already drawn down their rage on the Son, they shall now come and demand the Mother; she shall suffer the torments she has made me feel. But whilst I rave at his ingratitude, I forget I am guilty of the same crime to *Orestes*. He knows how to love; without being beloved again; perhaps he shall not always have this ill requital. Admit him — I'll see him.

*Cleon.* Madam he is here; —

*Herm.* I did not think he was so nigh!

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*Enter Orestes alone.*

*Herm.* Sir, may I believe any remains of your past friendship has suspended the publick cares wherewith Greece has laden you? or is it only to common respect and the duty of your employment I must impute the honour of this visit?

*Orest.* You know Madam the destiny of *Orestes*; it is in all places, and for ever to adore you; 'tis true, I have sworn never to trouble you more with my unfortunate passion, and all my steps in this address, are so many perjuries which I own and blush at. But I invoke all the Gods witnesses of the rage at my last parting from you, that I have not left one place unsought, where by perishing I might perform my Oaths, and finish my pain. I have challenged death among barbarous Nations, who appease not their Gods but by humane blood, they have shut their Temples on me, suppressed their own barbarity, and choak'd their thirsty Gods for want of blood, rather then give em a draught of mine. That I am now reduced to seek from your eyes that death which in all other places flies me. My despair waits only for your indifference; you have only to forbid me all hopes, and my sorrow is concluded. See Madam, the care that has employ'd my Soul a Twelvemonth; and now kill that victim of which the *Scythians* had robbed you, if they had been as cruel as you.

*Herm.* No Sir, think not *Hermione* will take a Life on which all Greece does repose it self. Is it thus you will execute the vows of so many states you represent? must their just revenge depend on a vain passion? Is it the blood of *Orestes* they demand? If you must dye, dis-engage your self of your publick charge.

*Orest.* *Pyrrhus*! refusal has dis-engage'd me. Madam he sends me back, and some other power makes him embrace the defence of *Agamemnon's* Son.

*Herm.* Oh Traitor!

*Orest.* So there remains to me nothing now, but here to assume the *Trojans* place; we are both enemies, he of the *Greeks* I yours. *Pyrrhus* protects him, I resigne my self to you.

*Herm.*

*Herm.* What mean these endless discontents? will you always believe your self my enemy? It is true, I came into *Epirus*; my Father ordained it. But who knows that I have not here in secret shared in your sorrows? think you, that you alone have been unfortunate? that *Epirus* has not seen me weep! in short; who has told you, that in spite of my duty, I have not sometimes wished to see you?

*Orest.* Wished to see me? Divine Princess! But, is it to me you address this discourse? See Madam! It is *Orestes* stands before you! *Orestes* so long the object of your hate.

*Herm.* Yes, it is *Orestes* whose love born in the Infancy of my Beauty taught it first to understand its own power. *Orestes*, whose many virtues force me to esteem him; whom I pity, and whom I would fain love.

*Orest.* I understand you Madam! I perceive what falls to my share; *Pyrrhus* has your heart, and *Orestes* your wishes.

*Herm.* Ah! desire not the destiny of *Pyrrhus*. I should hate you then too much —

*Orest.* You should love me more, you would look on me with regards contrary to what you do now; and I should then be pleasing to you. Love would make it self so absolutely obeyed, that you would love me though you wished to hate me. And were I *Pyrrhus*, you would have too much reason to hate me! for in short he hates you; his Soul surpriz'd by other —

*Herm.* How Sir! who has told you he hates me? have you learnt it from his regards, his discourses? or perhaps you think the sight of me is enough to inspire hate. My beauty in kindle in any heart a durable flame! alas! I mistake my self! It may be so! But there are some I am sure have opinions more favourable of me.

*Orest.* Pursue! Pursue! — You do well to insult over me thus cruel! — it is me whom you thus condemn, who have not given proofs enough of my constancy. I am a witness indeed of the little power of your beauty, which I have always despised. Ah! that for your own satisfaction my rivall condemn'd in the manner that I do.

*Herm.*

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*Herm.* I am not concerned what he does. His hate or kindness import me little. Go and Arm the *Greeks* against a Rebel; let him receive the reward of his Rebellion. Answer his desires, and let e'm make *Epirus* a second *Troy*. Go, and after this say I Love! —

*Orest.* Madam, if you love not, do more, and go your self. Will you remain in this place a Hostage? Go, and let your eyes excite all hearts, and provoke e'm to an universal assault.

*Herm.* In the mean while he shall marry this Trojan Widow.

*Orest.* Ha!

*Herm.* Consider what a disgrace it will be for us, if this *Phrygian* shall be his Bride?

*Orest.* Is this your hate? Ah! Madam, Love is not a fire that can be suppressed in the Soul: Every thing betrays us, our Language, Silence, our Looks, meen — and the ill disguised passion does but appear the plainer.

*Herm.* Sir, I perceive your prejudiced mind discolours its false colours on all my discourse. It seeks something in all my reasons to cavil at; and believes that even my very hatred is an effort of Love. I must then explain my self. You know in this place duty both conducts and retains me; I cannot part from hence unless my Father, or *Pyrhus* constrain me. Then go to him in my Fathers name, and make him understand, that the enemy of the *Greeks* cannot be the Son in Law of *Menelaus*. Let him resolve on the Trojan or me, which of the two he will resign or keep. Let him surrender her, or send me hence, if to my departure he consents, I am ready to follow you.

*Herm. Exit.*

*Orest.* Then you shall follow me; doubt not of *Pyrhus*, I will answer for his consent. He waits not but for some pretence to part. I need but discourse it to him. We shall not long debate it. And see a happy fate brings him this way.



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*Enter Pyrrhus, Phenix. Attendants, Guards.*

*Pyrr.* Sir, I was about to seek you. A little violence on my Soul, made me for a time resist the force of your reasons; but since I have consulted with myself, and find the equity of 'em, I consider now with you, that I should at once oppose all *Greeks*, my Fathers sacred memory, and my self, if I should re-build *Troy*, and render all that my Father and self have done imperfect. I no longer condemn the just anger of the *Greeks*, no, Sir, I will resign their victim to you.

*Orest.* Sir, by this counsel so prudent, but rigorous, you buy peace with the blood of the unfortunate.

*Pyrr.* Yes, But to assure it more, *Hermione* shall be the gage of an eternal peace. I will marry her. The happy spectacle seem'd to have attended till now, to have so noble a witness of it as you in this place. You here represent all the *Greeks*, and her Father. Go visit her then, and tell her that to morrow, I expect to receive with the peace, the fair *Hermione* from your hand.

*Orest.* Ah! Gods! —

*Ex.*

*Pyrr.* Now, *Phenix*, does love govern me or not? dost thou still refuse to know me?

*Ph.* Sir, I know you, and the just anger that has restored you both to the *Greeks*, and to your self. Who would have thought this noble courage would have resumed its place after so long a submission? That one could have so soon overthrown a Tyranny so charming? But King *Pyrrhus*, can conquer in a moment if it be his pleasure. For he is *Pyrrhus*, the Son by birth, in glory, the rival of *Achilles*; who now a second time triumphs over *Troy*.

*Pyrr.* Say rather, who now begins to conquer. A *Trojan* alone, I have attained glory; and my fiery heart, which thou sawest before so humble, believes in subduing Love to have overthrown a thousand enemies. Consider *Phenix*, the troubles I shun, what a train of Evils Love drew after it; what friends, what ties was I about to sacrifice. One regard made



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forget all. I took pleasure to ruine my self for the sake of Love.

*Ph.* I bleſs, Sir, the happy cruelty, which renders you —

*Pyrr.* Thou ſaw'eſt how ſhe treated me. I thought, ſeeing her tendernels alarm'd, that pity for her Son would have diſarm'd her ſeverity. I went to ſee the ſucceſs of thoſe embraces, and found nothing but tears mixed with violent reſentments; her miſery ſharpen'd her more; and eternally humourſome, ſhe had the name of *Heſtor* a hundred times in her mouth. This would ſhe ſay (embracing the Child) This is *Heſtor*, ſee his eyes, his mouth, and already his courage! — 'tis thee my dear Lord I embrace. Fond Woman! does ſhe think I will protect the poiſon which feeds her Love!

*Ph.* You buy her ingratitude dear —

*Pyrr.* I know what flatters her. Her beauty aſſures her, and in ſpite of my rage, her pride expects to ſee me yet at her feet, when, *Phenix*, let me tell thee, I could ſee her with a regardless eye at mine, ſhe is the Widow of *Heſtor*, I am the Son of *Achilles*, and that's enough to ſeparate *Pyrrhus* and *Andromache*.

*Ph.* Diſcourſe, Sir, then no more. Go ſee *Hermione*, and diſpoſe her your ſelf to the Marriage. Truſt not ſuch an affair to your Rival — He loves her too well —

*Pyrr.* I will, But *Phenix*, doſt thou believe, if I ſhould marry her, *Andromache* would not have a ſecret concern? —

*Ph.* Does *Andromache* always haunt your mind? Gods! what does her joy or grief import you? ſure there is ſome charm in her, that ſpite of you, draws your lingering Soul after her.

*Pyrr.* No, I have not yet unburthen'd all my mind to her. I have yet diſcover'd to her but half my anger. She is ignorant how much I am her enemy. Let us return to her. I will brave her charms in her ſight, and give her a more large diſcovery of my hate. Come.

*Ph.* Yes Sir, Come — to fall at her feet, to ſwear once more you love, and give her new encouragements of pride.

*Pyrr.* I perceive thou thinkeſt my heart ſighs after her, and I ſhall ſtill ſeek to appeale her.

*Phæ.* You love, Sir, that's enough.

*Pyrr.* I love an ingrateful woman, who hates me the more for loving her. One without kindred, friends, hope, or any support but me? a stranger, I may say a slave in *Epirus*: I bestow on her, her Son, my Soul, my Empire, and cannot gain in her heart any rank but that of a persecuter; I have sworn, my vengeance is resolved! I will now justify her hate, I will abandon her Son: Let her weep, and call me by what name she please: this sigh is the last smoak of an extinguish'd Love. Come, *Phænix*, I resign my self to thy Councils. I will deliver the Trojan, and go see *Hermione*.  
 ———— revive my vows, and all I promised pay,  
 And at her feet this haughty Captive lay.

## ACT III.

*Enter Orestes and Pylades.*

*Pylad.* **M**oderate Sir, this extream rage; In this disorder I scarce know you; You are not your self —  
 suffer —

*Orest.* No, no, Thy Councils are all unseasonable, I am weary of hearkning to reason. It is to spin out too long my life and punishment. I will seize her, or perish. My design is resolved on, and I will finish it — I will —

*Pylad.* Well, Sir, seize her, I consent to it. But consider mean while where you are. Conceal this restless transport. Secure the secret in your breast. Those Guards, this Court, the very Air, depend all in *Pyrrhus*, and more on *Hermione*. Hide rage from her. Gods! why would you have sought her in this condition?

*Orest.* What know I? was I then master of my self? fury transported me, and I came to threaten both the ingrateful Woman and her Lover.

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*Pylad.* And what would be the fruit of that?

*Orest.* What Soul would not be stunn'd and lost to reason that should receive such a blow. He tells me, that he would marry *Hermione* to morrow; and the more to honour me he would receive her from my hand! Rather let my hand be dipt in the blood of the *Barbarian*! — and —

*Pylad.* You accuse him Sir for this cross destiny, when perhaps tormented with his own designs, he is now, in as great intricacies as you.

*Orest.* No, no, I know him, my despair makes him presume; he would scorn her, but that he finds I love her, her charms till then never moved him. The perverse Tyrant only seeks to snatch her from me. The instant too, when her heart was yielding, and I had gain'd her to fly from his sight for ever. Confus'd betwixt love and spite, she waited but for one, the least, even an appearance of a refusal, to resign her self to me. Her eyes began to open *Pylades*! Her Soul to listen, she talked, lamented with *Orestes*: one word had finish'd all.

*Pylad.* Do you believe her?

*Orest.* Why not? her heart enraged against the ingratefull—

*Pylad.* Ah! Sir! her heart was never more his—Think you, if *Pyrrhus* should have consented to her departure, she had not a pretence ready framed to stay her? Leave these deccits; and instead of burdening your self with her, fly her? you steal torment, ruine, a fury that will hate you, and all your life, keeping you in a painful suspense. Shall —

*Orest.* For this very reason I would force her, hence; shall I let my revenge languish in Air, and the world laugh at my vain rage? fly from her, and endeavour to forget her? no, she shall now take her turn to fear me. Condemned to eternal tears, let her call me cruel, inhumane, and all the names I have given her. —

*Pylad.* Is this the success of your great Embassy? *Orestes* a ravisher? —

*Orest.* What imports it *Pylades*? what will it advantage me to have Greece admire me, whilst I am contemned at *Epirus*? Let me disguise nothing from thee. I begin to grow weary of my innocence

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nocence. I know not the reason, but some unjust power hath long smiled on the criminals, and pursued the innocent. Which way soever I turn my eyes, I see nothing but miseries preparing for me by the Gods. I will deserve their anger, justify their hate, and let some bold crime precede my punishment.

But thou, seduced by friendship, why dost thou stand under my cloud, and take that anger on thy self, which only seeks me? Fly from a wretch, desert a criminal. Dear *Pylades*, believe me, my own sorrow suffices me, without increasing it by thine. Leave to me those perils of which I only expect the advantage. And do thou bear to the *Greeks* the Infant *Pyrrhus* now abandons to me. Go dear *Pylades*.

*Pylad.* Yes Sir, let us go, and with us *Hermione*. Great minds delight in danger. What cannot friendship do, conducted by Love? Let us go prepare the courages of our *Greeks*. Our Vessels are ready, and the Wind calls us; I know all the obscure passages of the Palace; and you see the Sea joyns to the Walls. This night, without any difficulty, by a secret way we will conduct the rich Prey to your Vessel.

*Orest.* Brave friend, I abuse thy too much friendship. But pardon the ills which thou dost pity. Excuse a wretch who loses all that he loves, whom the whole world hates, and who even hates himself. What shall not I do, when it is my turn to be happy? when—

*Pylad.* Dissemble Sir, is all I desire of you. See that the design blaze not out before the time. Forget a while that *Hermione* is ingrateful, that you Love. — But see she comes—

*Orest.* Go, do you answer for her, and I will for my self.

*Exit Pylad.*

*Enter Hermione. Clæone.*

*Orest.* My endeavours have compleated your victory. Madam, I have seen *Pyrrhus*, and your Marriage is preparing—  
*Herm.* So 'tis said, and more, that you seek me only to prepare me for it.

*Orest.* And shall you receive his vows?

*Herm.*



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*Herm.* Who could have believed that *Pyrrhus* was not false? That his flame waited the minute of my departure to blaze out? some are not sensible of a felicity they may possess, till they are near losing it. But I would believe with you, that he fears *Greece*, that he is lead rather by interest than inclination; that my eyes reign more absolutely over your Soul than his.

*Orest.* No, Madam, he loves you, I do not doubt. Do not your eyes, Madam, do what they please? and past dispute, you are not very willing to displease him.

*Herm.* Alas Sir, What shall I do, my Faith is promised? Love governs not the fate of a Princess, the glory to obey is all that is left us, yet you see how much I did abate of my duty for your sake.

*Orest.* Ah! You know too well! cruell! — But Madam, every one may at their choice dispose of their own Soul. And yours is at your own command. — I hoped — But you might have bestowed it on him, without committing Robbery on me. But why do I trouble you with my vain complaints, you ought to have used me otherwise; as I ought to spare you this sad entertainment.

*Exit.*

*Herm.* Didst thou expect from him *Cleome*, resentments so modest?

*Cle.* The grief he conceals is great. I pity him, and the more, because he is the Authour of his own trouble: For consider, Madam, since when this mighty change was wrought in *Pyrrhus*, *Orestes* discoursed it —

*Herm.* Dost thou believe *Pyrrhus* fears? whom should he fear, People who ten year together fled before *Hector*? who wanting the protection of *Achilles*, run a hundred times to their burning Vessels for safety? No, *Cleome*, *Pyrrhus* is too great to fear, he consents to what he does; if he marries me, 'tis because he loves me. — Let *Orestes* impute his misfortunes to me; *Pyrrhus* returns to his obedience. Ah, Dear *Cleome*, imagine if thou canst the transports of the happy *Hermione*. Dost thou know who *Pyrrhus* is? Thou hast oft reckon'd up the number of his exploits; but who can number e'm? Fearless, attended on by Victory, charming, constant; in short, nothing wanting to his glory — think —

*Cle.*

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*Clé.* Hold Madam — Dissemble a while, for see your rival all in tears, comes without doubt to weep at your feet. —

*Herm.* Gods! I cannot forsake my joy to entertain her. Let us go. I have nothing to say to her.

*Enter Andromache, Cephe.*

*Androm.* Whither do you flee Madam? Is it not a Spectacle pleasant enough, to see the Widow of  *Hector*  weeping at your knees? I come not hither, jealous of your felicity; to envy you a heart which resigns its self to your charms. Alas! I have seen the only heart, which could ever gain my regards, pierced by the hands of his Father. All my love is enclosed in  *Hector's*  Tomb. But yet there remains to me his Son. You, Madam, will one day know what the love of a Son is. But you will not know, at least I wish you may not, in what mortal trouble his interest casts me. When of so many felicities which once flattered me, he is all that remains, and they would take him from me. Alas! when enraged by ten years misery, the  *Trojans*  threatened your Mother,  *Hector*  often procured her safety. You have the same power over  *Pyrrhus*  that I once had over my Lord. What is there in a poor Infant to be feared? Let me go hide him in some desert Isle, where he shall only learn of his Mother to weep.

*Herm.* Madam, I imagin your grief. But an austere duty, when my Father speaks, ordains me silence. It is my Father has stirred up  *Pyrrhus's*  anger. If  *Pyrrhus*  can be appeased, who can do it better then your self, whose Eyes have long reigned over his Soul? Make him pronounce it, I shall submit. —

*Exit.*

*Androm.* What contempt does she add to her refusal?

*Ceph.* Perhaps she may abate of this humour; I saw  *Pyrrhus* , and methought one regard mark  *Hermione*  and  *Clytemnestra* ; but see, he comes in person to seek you —

*Enter Pyrrhus.* You have ordered up the number of the exploit; but who can number in? Fearful attended on by charming, constant; in short nothing wanting to his

*Pyrrhus.* — think

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Enter *Pyrrhus* & *Phenix*.

*Pyrrhus* to *Phenix*. — Where is the Princess? did you not say she was walking in these Gardens?

*Phæ.* I thought it Sir.

*Androm.* See, *Cephise*, the power of my eyes! — he regards me not.

*Pyrr.* What says the *Phenix*?

*Androm.* Alas! all forsake me.

*Phæ.* Come Sir, let us seek *Hermione*?

*Ceph.* What, Madam, do you wait for? force this obstinate Silence.

*Androm.* He promised me my Son.

*Ceph.* But has not performed his promise.

*Androm.* No, he has resolved his death.

*Pyrr.* See if she will descend to cast one look upon me. What pride —

*Androm.* My sight disorders him, let us go! —

*Pyrr.* Yes, let us go to deliver to the *Greeks* the Son of *Hector*.

*Androm.* Ah! Sir! stay! — What do you design? If you deliver the Son, deliver also the Mother? You have sworn to do me that friendship! Gods! have you not so much pity as that?

*Pyrr.* *Phenix* can tell you, my word is engaged.

*Androm!* Is this you, that would for my sake, outbrave so many dangers?

*Pyrr.* I was then blind; but now my eyes are open. In guarding your Son I nourish your hate to me, and you hate me more then all the *Greeks* together. Enjoy at your pleasure this your noble anger.

*Phæ.* Let us go —

*Androm.* And let me go to the cold embraces of my Husbands shade.

*Ceph.* Madam! —

*Androm.* What wouldst thou have me say? Dost thou think he is ignorant of the sorrows which he causes? Sir, see to what estate you have reduced me. I have seen my Father Dead, our Walls

Walls demolished, my whole Family slain, my Husband pale and bloody, dragged through the dust; and now his Son alone with me, is reserved for Chains. It was some comfort to me once, that here, and not elsewhere, my destiny threw me: Happy in our misery, that since the Son of so many Kingly Ancestors, must serve; he was fallen under your command. I believed his Prison would have proved his refuge. Conquer'd *Priam* once found respect from *Achilles*, I expected more generosity from his Son. Pardon, dear  *Hector*! my credulity, that I could not suspect thy enemy of a crime. I would compell him to be magnanimous against his nature. I will soon seek repose at thy Tomb, and there end his hate, and our miseries.

*Pyrr. Phoenix attend me without.*

*Phoenix Exit.*

Madam stay — I can yet render you the Son you lament. Yes, I perceive with regret; that in exciting your tears, I give you arms against me that will subdue me. I thought to have brought hither more hate. Madam, turn, turn your eyes upon me. See if my looks discover the severity of a Judge, or the hate of an enemy that seeks your ruine. Why, Madam, will you force me to betray you: In the name of your Son cease to hate me. Save him, 'tis I that beg it of you, Must I with sighs crave his Life of you? once more I beg you save him. — I know what Oaths I break to wear your Chains, what hate I bring upon my self! I will send back *Hermione* with Blushes instead of a Crown. I will conduct you to that Temple where her Marriage is waiting, and compass your Brow with that *Diadem*, is prepared for hers. This is an offer no more to be disdained. — Answer you not? I say you must reign or perish. My Soul, tired with a years ingratitude, can attend no longer on a wavering destiny, I die if I lose you, and I die if I wait. Consider of it, I leave you, and shall soon return to lead you to the Temple where your Son attends me.

*My Soul shall there or Love or Rage put on.*

*I'll crown the Mother, or destroy the Son.*

*Ex.*

*Ceph.* So, Madam, did I not say, that in spite of Greece, it was your destiny yet to be her Mistress.

*Androm.*



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*Androm.* What dost thou discourse? there no more remains:  
but I must condemn my Son.

*Ceph.* This, Madam, is too severe fidelity to your dead Lord:  
Too much virtue may grow a crime. Your Lord himself would  
in this case persuade your Soul to more compliance.

*Androm.* What shall *Pyrrhus* succeed in his bed?

*Ceph.* Think you your Lords Ghost will be ashamed of so  
Royal a Successor; a Victorious King, who makes you re-ascend  
to the rank of your Ancestours? who, for your sake, contemns  
the anger of your Conquerours, forgets that *Achilles* was his  
Father, and even subdues all his own victories?

*Androm.* But *Cephise*, ought I to forget these things, though  
he does? ought I to forget my Lord deprived of obsequies,  
dragged dishonourably round our Walls? my Father fallen at  
my feet, and staining with his blood the Altar he embraced.  
Remember, remember *Cephise*, the cruel night which to our  
People was an eternal one. Imagine *Pyrrhus* with flaming eyes,  
entering into the burning Palace, covered with Blood, and  
breathing after slaughter. Think thou hearest the cries of the  
Conquer'd, and the dying, stifled with flame, and expiring in  
Fire. Paint to thyself the horrors of the lost *Andromache*.  
Thus did *Pyrrhus* offer himself to my sight, these are the exploits  
by which he would crown himself. This is the Husband thou  
wouldst bestow on me. No, I will not be a complice with him  
in his crimes. Let him take us, if he will, for his last victims,  
my resentments shall assist him.

*Ceph.* Well Madam, then let us go see your Son die. They  
wait for nothing but you? do you sigh Madam?

*Androm.* Ah! with what remembrance dost thou strike  
my Soul? What *Cephise*, shall I go see my Son, my only joy, the  
Image of my Lord die, The Son which he left me for the pledge  
of his Love. Alas! I remember the fatal day, when his courage  
made him search *Achilles*, or rather death, he took the Child in  
his Arms, and wiping away my tears, dear partner of my Soul  
(said he) I know not what successes the Gods will allot to my  
Arms, I leave thee my Son for the pledge of my Faith, if he lose  
me, let him find both Parents in thee. And if the memory of  
a happy

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a happy Marriage be dear to thee, shew to the Son thou dost love the Father, And now can I shed blood so precious, and with him, for all his Ancestors perill? Barbarous King! must my crime injure him? If I hate thee, is he in fault? has he ever reproached thee for the death of his friends? did he ever complain to thee of evils he knows not? But mean while my Son, thou diest, unless I stay the sword which the Tyrant holds over thy head. I can turn it from thee, and yet I let it fall. No, thou shalt not dye, I cannot suffer it. Let us go find *Pyrrhus*, or rather, do thou *Cephise* in my stead.

*Ceph.* What must I say to him?

*Androm.* Tell him that nature will not be resisted. But dost thou believe he has resolved his death? can Love force him on such Barbarity?

*Ceph.* Madam, he will soon return in fury.

*Androm.* Go then — assure him —

*Ceph.* What? of your Father?

*Androm.* Must I promise that? Oh! *Alfies* of my dear Lord! Oh! my Country! my Father! Oh! my Son, how dear does thy life cost me? go

*Ceph.* What resolutions does your mind assume?

*Androm.* I'll go consult my Husband at his Tomb.

## ACT IV.

*Enter Andromache, Cephise.*

*Ceph.* A H! Madam, 'tis your Lord, 'tis *Hector* who produces this miracle in your Soul; he would raise his Country with that happy Son whom he would have you preserve. *Pyrrhus* has promised it you, and now waits but for one word from you to render him to you. You may credit him. Father, Crown, *Alfies*, to gain your heart, he throws at your feet. He makes you Sovereign both of him and his people. Is this a Conque-

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rour worthy of your hate? Already full of a noble anger against the *Greeks*; the care of your Son touches him as near as it does your self. To prevent his enemies fury has placed a Guard about him; and not to expose him, hazards himself. But now all things are prepared in the Temple. — And you have promised —

*Androm.* I will go — but first I must see my Son.

*Ceph.* Yes Madam, now you may, and may be prodigal to him of your kindness, and look on him no more as a slave, bred up for vassalage, but rather a Royal branch, in whom is springing up the glory of many Kings.

*Androm.* *Cephise*, I will go take my last leave of him.

*Ceph.* Gods! Whats this you say?

*Androm.* Oh! *Cephise*, I cannot hide my heart from thee. My misery has sufficiently tried thy fidelity. Thou hast known my Soul, but now shalt know it better. Dost thou think then that *Andromache*, unfaithful, can betray the memory of so illustrious a Hero? Is this the ardour I promised to his Ashes. But his Son perishes! *Pyrrhus* in marrying, declares himself his protector. Well! — I will repose my self in him. I know *Pyrrhus*. He is violent, but sincere; *Cephise*, he will do more then he has promised. I will relie on him for protection also against the anger of the *Greeks*; their hate gives a Father to the Son of *Hector*. I go then, since I must sacrifice my self to resign the remainder of my Life to *Pyrrhus*. I go to receive his Faith at the Altar, and engage my Son to him by immortal ties. But immediately that hand which gives me to him, shall finish the remainder of my unfaithful life, and restore me to my first and dearest Lord. So I at once preserve my honour and my Son, and render all that I owe to *Pyrrhus*, my Son, my Husband, and my self.

*Ceph.* Ah! Gods!

*Androm.* See *Cephise*, the innocent Stratagem of my Love. This is that the shade of my Lord commands me; I go to all my Ancestours.

And to the shade of him I so much prize,  
And thou *Cephise* then shalt close my eyes.

*Andromache. A Tragedy.*

*Ceph.* Oh! Think not that I will or can survive you?

*Androm.* No, no, I forbid thee to follow me. To thee I trust the care of my only treasure. Live for the sake of me, and of my dear Son, the only hope of *Troy*! Think how many Kings thou dost serve and oblige. Watch *Pyrrhus*. Put him in mind of his promised Faith; and if he please, do thou sometimes talk of me. Make him esteem our Marriage! Tell him I was once before my death his; that his resentments ought all to be effaced, and that I shew my esteem of him in leaving him my Son. And to my Son, do thou recount all the *Heroes* of his race. Conduct him (as much as thou art able) in their steps.

Tell him by what exploits their names have shone,  
What they have been, but more what they have done.

Speak often to him of the virtues of his Heroick Father, and sometimes name his Mother, But let him not think *Cephise* to revenge us. We leave him to a Master, who must rule him. Let him have a modest remembrance of his Ancestours. He is of the blood of  *Hector*, but is all that remains of it;

Which to preserve I did so careful prove,

I sacrificed my hate, my life, my Love.

*Ceph.* Alas!

*Androm.* Some are coming this way. Hide thy Tears *Cephise*, and now remember the fate of *Andromache* is reposed in thee. It is *Hermione*; Let us fly her fury.

*Exit.*

*Enter Hermione, Cleon.*

*Cleon.* Madam, give me leave to admire at this silence. Does not this cruel contempt agitate your Spirits? can you support in peace this rude assault? You who used to shake with horror at the very name of *Andromache*; who could not without despair endure that *Pyrrhus* should honour her with the least regard? He marries her; and with his *Diadem* gives her that Faith you came hither to receive, and yet you have not once opened your mouth to complain. Oh! I fear, this fatal calm presages—

*Herm.* Go call *Orestes*—

*Cleon.*



*Andromache. A Tragedy.* 29

*Cleon.* He comes, Madam, he comes, ready always to serve you without the least hope of reward, your eyes may assure themselves of their power over him—but he enters—

Enter *Orestes*.

*Orest.* Is it true, Madam, that *Orestes* shall once have the honour to be commanded by you? Have they not flatter'd me with a false hope? Have you wished for my presence? may I believe that your eyes disarm'd—

*Herm.* Sir, I would know if you are real in the passion you pretend, if indeed you love.

*Orest.* If I Love! Gods! my oaths, perjuries, my flight, my return, my respects, my wrongs, my despair, my tears,  
— if these are vain,

What witnesses with you can credit gain?

*Herm.* I do believe e'm, — revenge me—

*Orest.* Madam I go, And will go set all *Greece* in a flame, Signaling my Arm, and your Name, let us assume the place, You of *Helene*, and I of *Agamemnon*.

The miseries of *Troy* I'll copy here,  
And I this Instant will in Arms appear.

*Herm.* No, Sir, stay.

I will not carry so far off my wrong  
My shame, nor tarry for revenge so long—  
I crown my Enemies both pride and hate,  
Whilst slow pac't vengeance I so timely wait.

I will not trust.

The punishment of an affront so rude  
To chance of War which may my rage delude?  
My fury on *Epirus* I will pour —  
If you revenge—revenge me now—this hour,  
Or now or never—who delays denies—  
Run to the Temple now, and Sacrifice—

*Orest.* Whom?

*Herm.* *Pyrrhus*.

*Orest.* *Pyrrhus*, Madam!

*Herm.*

*Andromache. A Tragedy.*

*Herm.* What! does your hate languish? run, and do not fear, I shall recall you, regard not you the rights which I forget.

I have resolved revenge, and he shall dye,  
'Tis not for you his deeds to justify.

*Orest.* I justify him: Your bounties too him have long since deeply engraven his crimes in my Soul. No, let us revenge our selves. I consent. —

But some nobler way would cause his fate,  
I'd be his Foe, not his Assassin.

I would make his ruine, and our victory just what to the *Greeks* —  
Who sent me here their Minister instead

Of *Pyrrhus* answer, shall I bear his head?

Have I not taken upon me the care of all the estates, and shall I acquit myself of my great trust by an Assassination? Permit Madam, in the name of all the Gods, that *Greece* explain her self. If he must die

Under the publick hatred let him bow,  
Remember that a Crown surrounds his brow? —

*Herm.* What! Is it not enough that I condemn him?

That my offended glory does demand,  
A mighty Victim more than *Hermione*  
Is the reward and price of a slain Tyrant!  
A Tyrant whom I hate, but once did love!  
I hide it not — Th' ingrateful pleas'd me once.  
Whether my Father or my Love ordained it  
It matters not — but Sir do you regard it,  
Spite of my vows so shamefully deceived!  
Spite of that horror which his falshood gives me,  
My heart will, whilst he lives, incline to pardon him,  
Take heed, if you the Tyrant not remove  
By death to day, to morrow I may love.

*Orest.* Nay, then he dies, I will prevent his pardon.

He dies! — but how? — what is it we shall do?

Which way can I serve your anger?

I scarce

# *Andromache. A Tragedy.*

31

I scarce am arriv'd in *Epirus*, and shall I in an instant over-  
turn an Empire?

You will that by my hand a Monarch die,  
And yet you time for the great deed deny;

A day, an hour, a minute, scarce I gain;  
In all his Peoples sight too must be slain.

Let me conduct my victim to the Altar,  
I ask no more, and I mean while will go  
Consult the time and place to sacrifice him.

The Deed no longer then to night shall stay,

*Her.* Mean while he marries *Andromache* to day.

Her Throne is now erected in the Temple.

My shame confirm'd. The Tyrants time compleated.

What wait you for? he offers you his Head.

Without his Guards he marches to the ceremony.

Those he has rang'd about the Son of *Hector*.

The only time he ever did me right,

Stript of defence, he does the blow invite.

Now strike, or I shall think you do not dare,

What spite of him, will you the Tyrant spare?

Arm all the *Greeks*, and all my followers.

Raise both your friends and mine; me he betrays,

You he deludes, and does condemn us all.

Besides their hatred now does equal mine;

They will not spare the Husband of a *Trojan*.

He cannot scape—pursue the fair occasion—

Return; but cover'd with the Tyrants blood,

And boldly as your own my heart demand.

You will appear too charming to withstand.

*Orest.* Madam I will—but—

*Herm.* —eternally disputing—

I hate so many reasonings—here I offer you

Occasion to oblige and please me—

But I perceive what to expect from you.

You always would complain, but nothing do.

Be gone, and boast your constancy elsewhere.

Leave to my self the care of my revenge!

I am

# Andromache. A Tragedy.

I am ashamed I did descend to ask you.  
 My self alone will to the Temple go;  
 Where they the splendid Marriage now prepare;  
 And do, what you to merit me, not dare.  
 There my false enemy I will approach,  
 And seize that heart my beauty could not touch.  
 My bloody hands then my own breast shall seize,  
 And spite of him I'll join our destinies.  
 Ingrateful, though he is, more sweet 'twill be,  
 To die with him, then to survive with thee.

*Orest.* No Madam, —

I will deprive you of that fatal pleasure,  
 He shall not die but by *Orestes's* hand.  
 No hand but mine shall sacrifice your enemies,  
 You, if you please, shall own my cares hereafter.  
 But let me now reflect upon my misery.  
 How wretched in my happiest estate am I,  
 Who envy one, condemn'd by you to die?

*Herm.* Be gone, and leave your fortune to my care,  
 And all your Vessels for our Flight prepare.

*Exit. Orest.*

*Cleon.* Ah! Madam, You bring ruine on your self.

*Herm.* Let me be ruined, so I be revenged.

Nor know I, if for this great action, I  
 May well on any but my self rely.  
*Pyrrhus* is not so criminal in *Orestes's* eyes as mine.  
 And I could strike a surer blow than he.  
 What pleasure it would be, revenge to gain,  
 Increasing too my pleasure by his pain.  
 Ah! if *Orestes* punishing his crime,  
 Forgets to let him know he dies my victim!  
 Run, find him! — Bid him tell the ungrateful man  
 From whence, from whom it is he meets his fate,  
 He's sacrificed to me, and not the state.  
 The pleasure of Revenge all lost would be,  
 If dying, he knows not he is slain by me. —

*Cleon.*



*Andromache. A Tragedy.*

33

*Cleon.* Madam! I run! but ha! who do I see,

Oh! Gods! who would believe! Madam the King! —

*Herm.* Oh! run after *Orestes*, *Cleone* — and charge him  
he undertake nothing till he sees me again — *Cleo. Exit.*

Enter *Pyrrhus* and *Phoenix*.

*Pyrr.* Madam you did not expect me,

And I perceive I am a trouble to you.

I come not hither armed by any unworthy Arts,  
With veils of equity to hide my crime.

Let it suffice my heart in secret does condemn me.

But I will own the truth — I am preparing

To marry the fair *Trojan*, — 'tis too true —

I've promised her the faith I vowed to you. —

*Herm.* Oh! Gods!

[*aside.*]

*Pyrr.* Others would plead, that in the *Trojan* fields,

Our Fathers form'd our bonds without our knowledge —

Never consulting or your heart or mine,

Without our loves they did our persons joine.

But 'tis enough that I submitted to it,

And by Embassadors engaged my heart;

And to the Marriage my consent proclaim,

And so with them into *Epire* you came,

*Herm.* The insolence of this ingrateful Tyrant!

[*aside.*]

Who gives me to my face affronts so rude,

And boasts as if that I his Love pursu'd.

*Pyrr.* And though the brightness of another eye

Stopt of the sudden the success of yours;

Yet those new charms did not much progress gain,

But spite of 'em I did my faith retain.

Treat you as Queen, and till this hour I strove

To make my Oaths serve instead of Love.

But this new Love has now my faith suppress,

*Andromache* takes a heart she does detest.

Entangled with each other —

We to the Sacred Altar run, and there,

In spite of us, immortal Love we share.

# Andromache. A Tragedy.

*Herm.* How boldly does this man relate his falshood — [aside.]

*Pyrr.* Now after this do not a Traytour spare,  
Who grieves he is so, yet cannot forbear.  
I never will restrain a rage so due,  
Perhaps it will ease me as much as you,  
Call me all names to perjur'd men belong,  
I fear your Silence rather than your wrong.

*Herm.* In this address from artifice so free,  
I'm pleased to see you do your self such justice.  
Since in such solemn perjury you fall,  
You do act falshood like a criminal.  
How such a conquerour so servile grow,  
To pay the duty he his Faith does owe?  
No, no, his falshood does too pleasing seem,  
And he from perjury expects esteem.

*Pyrr.* The Storm (as I desir'd) begins to rise. — [aside.]

*Herm.* Great minds scorn little crimes. —  
Tis brave, no Oaths of duty to retain,  
To love a Trojan, and a Greek disdain!  
For *Hectors* Widow, *Helens* Daughter shun,  
And sacrifice all Greece to *Hectors* Son,  
This shews in you a heart still free and brave,  
Who scorns to be to your own vows a Slave.  
To please your Bride you prodigal will be,  
Of the sweet crimes of Treason, perjury.  
Your mighty heart, laden with honour, longs,  
In her fair arms, to triumph o're my wrongs.

*Pyrr.* How pleasing to my ears these discords be, [aside:]  
The jarring sounds increase my harmony.

*Herm.* But this is too much Glory for one day.  
Without deriving titles from my sorrow,  
What you enjoyed before might well suffice.  
He whose great valour *Hectors* Father slew,  
Shed the remains of blood which Age had Froze,  
Plung'd burning *Troy* into deep Streams of blood.  
He whose own hand strangled the fair *Polyxena*.

Though:

*Andromache.* A Tragedy.

35

Though all the *Greeks* displeas'd at him were by! —  
What can a heart to such great deeds deny?

*Pyrr.* Madam, I know to what excess of rage,  
The ardour to revenge you did transport me:  
I may blame you for all the blood I shed,  
But I'm contented to forget what's past.  
Thank Heaven your cold indifference does remove,  
All sort of guilt from my new happy Love.  
My heart I see too apt to be deceiv'd,  
Must better study, and examine yours.  
My vain remorse has done you mortal wrong!  
To be unfaithful I must first be lov'd;  
But you desire not I your Chains should wear,  
And so all fear of falsehood I may spare.  
I serve you most, when most you are betray'd,  
For we were never for each other made.  
I follow my desires, as you do yours;  
Your little love, your heart from grief secures.

*Herm.* — My little love: —

Have I not lov'd thee? what have I done then?  
Did I not many Kings for thee disdain.  
I searcht thee here at thy own Provinces.  
And though too much neglected when I came,  
I still with patience bore thy dying flame,  
Did sigh, and love, and still my Soul appease,  
In spite of all thy great unkindnesses.  
In spite of all my *Greeks*, who sham'd to see,  
My Love requited with such injury,  
Did with revenge and rage against thee burn,  
Whom yet I charg'd to wait thy hearts return.  
It was too noble to be cruel long,  
If not, then to forgive and hide my wrong.  
Not love, unconstant Man! — this very moment.  
Thou canst so peaceably pronounce my death.  
Not caring if my hand my blood should spill,  
I fear my heart consents to love thee still.  
Fool that I am! —

*Pyrr.* To pity I begin ——— [aside.

But I'm afraid shall still pursue my sin,

*Herm.* Well, if it must be, Sir, if Heaven in anger reserves,

For other eyes the glory to delight you.

Proceed, my free consent, Sir, I proclaim,

But do not force my eyes to see my shame.

Perhaps I ne're shall talk with you again,

Defer your Marriage but one day, — to morrow,

You shall be your own Master ———

Wilt thou not answer me? False Man, I see,

Thou count'st all moments thou dost lose with me.

Impatient to revisit thy fair *Trojan*.

Thou sufferest my discourses with regret,

Thy heart now talks with her, thy eyes now seek her —

Be gone — I stay thee not — go, perjur'd be,

Go swear to her, the faith thou swor'st to me!

The Majesty of all the Gods profane,

Those Gods, just Gods, who memory retain;

Of all those Oaths, by which thy Soul is bound,

Firmly to me — Go bear to Altars Crown'd.

The heart that now abandons me — But fear,

To find enraged *Hermione* there. — *Exit.*

*Pha.* You understand her, Sir, slight not her anger.

One mad with love, and rage, that seeks revenge.

She in this place, Sir, has too many followers.

The *Greeks* have joyn'd their quarrel too with hers —

*Orestes* loves her yet — and at the price.

Perhaps.

*Pyrr.* No more, *Andromache* attends me —

My heart to other cares will not be won,

Go *Phenix* place my Guards about her Son. *Exit.*

The



The last ACT.

*Hermione alone.*

*Herm.* **W**Here am I? what have I done? what shall I do?  
 Oh! my transports! sorrow and rage devour me!  
 I raving, wander round the mournful rooms,  
 And do not know whither I go, or why;  
 I scarce can tell yet if I love or hate.  
 How coldly did the cruel Man take leave,  
 He would not the least grief or pity own,  
 I could not draw from him one little groan!  
 Dumb to my sighs, his mind did not appear,  
 Disturb'd the least, nor to regard one tear!  
 Nor would to give my heart some small relief,  
 So much as counterfeit a little grief.  
 And yet I pity him! — my heart — base heart! —  
 His danger fears, and yet will take his part! —  
 I tremble at the blow that is so near,  
 Would save him yet, and my own vengeance fear:  
 No — my just sentence I will not revoke —  
 Let him straight perish — let him feel the stroke!  
 I no controul will to my vengeance give,  
 He dyes — since he no more for me will live.  
 My rage he scorns, and negligent appears,  
 And thinks the Storm will melt away in tears.  
 That rage my feeble heart not long will seize,  
 And judges me by my past kindnesses.  
 But other thoughts shall in his Soul take place,  
 When Death shall all his Triumphs straight deface.  
 His blood this moment let Orestes spill! —  
 He causes it, for he compells my will! —  
 — My will! — Oh Gods! can I so cruel prove?  
 And shall his death be the effect of Love?

His

*Andromache. A Tragedy.*

His death to whom I paid such regard,  
 Whose brave exploits I've with such pleasure heard.  
 To whom my Soul was long in secret joyn'd,  
 Before our fatal marriage was design'd!  
 For whom I've travers'd many Lands and Seas,  
 And was I hither sent by destinies?  
 T' assassine — murder him! — Oh! ere he dyes! —

*Enter Cleon.*

But see *Cleon*! ah! what have I done?  
 What dost thou come to tell me? where is *Pyrrhus*?  
 What does he mean?

*Cleon.* Madam o'rewhelm'd with pleasure.  
 The fiercest and the most inflam'd of Men  
 He's leading now in Triumph towards the Temple,  
 Like a great Conquerour his beautilous Conquest.  
 And marching in his shouting peoples fight,  
 Even drunk with Love, goes staggering with delight.  
 She humbly Captive like accepts her fate,  
 Appears indifferent in her love and hate.  
 No sense of sorrow, or of joy displays,  
 All Calm and mild, her Conquerours will obeys.

*Herm.* And does th' ungrateful ——— push his crimes so far?  
 But oh! *Cleon*! didst thou mind his looks?  
 Does he no trouble in his Soul display?  
 Did he not turn his eyes sometimes this way?  
 Sigh, Blush, and secretly his falshood own,  
 Seem to repent the unkindness he has shown  
 To one that loves him so ———

*Cleon.* I could not find ———  
 That he regarded any thing but her ———  
 Even his own safety, and his glory too,  
 He banishes his thoughts as much as you,  
 Not minding if his train be fletids or Foes,  
 Hot in pursuit of his delight he goes with bold and  
 Whilst all his Guards are about *Hellors* Son,  
 His dangers does possess his thoughts alone.

*Andromacha. A Tragedy.*

39

By expresse order *Phenix* ha's conveigh'd him  
To a strong Fort, far distant from the Palace,  
And Temple too — this Madam is all the care —  
Possesses him.

*Herm.* He dyes — what says *Orestes*?

*Cleon.* He with his *Greeks* are following towards the Temple.

*Herm.* And is he not preparing to revenge me?

*Cleon.* I know not —

*Herm.* Know not? will he then betray me?

*Orestes* false too!

*Cleon.* Madam, he adores you —

But his Soul combating a thousand remorse —

Sometimes regards his love, sometimes his virtue.

Respects in *Pyrhus* the honour of a *Diadem*,

He thinks to *Crown* a reverence is due,

Respects *Achilles*, yes, and *Pyrhus* too!

He fears the *Greeks*, yea, fears the anger,

Of the whole World upon his head should fall;

But fears himself, and virtue above all.

He as a Conquerour would bring his head;

But the vile name of Murderer does dread.

He's gone, but cannot yet his doubts remove,

If he shall Murderer, or Spectator prove.

*Herm.* No, no, in peace let him behold the Triumph;

Let — let him not disturb the glorious Spectacle.

I know what soft remorse his mind o're spreads,

The Coward fears danger, it is death he dreads.

My Mother not employing one request,

Could in her cause arm all the *Estates* of *Greece*.

Her Eyes ten years could all their Arms employ,

And twenty Kings she never knew, destroy.

I but the death of one false Man would have,

And my revenge but of one Lover crave.

Who at that easie price might me obtain,

Proffering my self, yet no revenge can gain.

*Trumpet*

# Andromache. A Tragedy.

*Trumpet Sounds, and shouts of People.*

Heark! heark! The Train is entering now the Temple.  
The Shouts rebound from thence to mock my sorrow,  
I find,  
I only must do justice to my self.  
I'll fill the Temple with another cry,  
And soon disturb their fatal Marriage joy.  
Nor will I stay to chuse my victims —  
For every one a Pyrrhus I declare.  
Nor in my fury will Orestes spare.  
And then I'll dye, when I my rage have shown,  
And taken care I may not dye alone. — *Exit.*

*The Scene. A Temple. Enter Orestes and the Greeks.*

*Orest.* Prepar'd in private, wait me. — *[to the Greeks.]*

*1. Greek.* Take no care,

The enemy of Greece we will not spare.

*The Greeks disperse themselves about the Temple.*

*A solemn Procession. Enter Pyrrhus, Andromache, Cephise,*

*Ladies Attendants.*

*Pyrrhus and Andromache seat themselves in Throne.*

*The Song sung at the Procession.*

*Come all ye amorous Spirits of the Air,*

*That wait on Loves employ,*

*That wet his shafts, his game prepare,*

*Ye active Ministers of sweetest Joy*

*Come now and hover in this sacred place*

*This happy hour, loves mighty Triumph grace.*



# Andromache, A Tragedy.

41

2.

See, see! the blest and royal pair are here,  
Loves flames shoot through their Eyes,  
Each tedious minute seems a year.  
End, end dull Priests your duller Mysteries:  
Dispatch the Gods whose aid Love does not need,  
Go send 'em back to their dull Heaven with speed.

In a full Chorus.

Come let the flames the victims seize,  
Feast all the Gods and Goddesses.  
This we in pure Devotion do,  
Not Gods that we have need of you.  
We kindly let your Altars smook,  
But it is Love we most invoke.

In Love and Hymens name the Echoes ring,  
'Tis Jo. Hymen, Hymen, still we sing.  
Jo. Hymen, Hymeneæ, Jo. Hymen.

Orest. Whither imperious Love dost thou transport me?  
See Pyrrhus has discovered I am here! —  
And seems my presence not at all to fear.  
It rather does excite his boldness more,  
He braves all Greece in their Embassadour.

Pyrrhus takes the Diadem from his own head, and places it on  
Andromache, at which, the Greeks seem enraged.

Pyrrhus. Receive my Crown —  
With it a Faith that shall till Death remain,  
Now o're Epire, and over Pyrrhus reign.  
I promise to the Son a Father's care,  
And all his enemies I mine declare.  
His Throne I'll to its ancient glory bring,  
And here acknowledge him the Trojan King.

1. Greek. Tray your to Greece thou dyest.

*All the Greeks run with a great shout from the several parts of the Temple where they were dispers'd, and kill Pyrrhus at the Altar.*

*Orest.* See with what hunger to the prey they go,  
I not the favour gain to give one blow.  
Their lawless fury does my guilt prevent,  
And with their zeal they keep me innocent.  
How I have kept my promise now I'll shew,  
To my fair Mistress with this present go.  
With it this Captive —

*I. Greek.* — rather hale e'm hence,  
Aboard the Fleet, and shew e'm round in Triumph,  
To all the offended States of injur'd Greece.

*The Greeks dragg the body of Pyrrhus out of the Temple one way, whilst Orestes another, is going out with Andromache; but meets Hermione, who enters with a naked Ponyard in her hand.*

*Orest.* Madam 'tis done — now let us fly with haste,  
The sweets of your revenge at leisure taste.  
Aboard my Fleet — see Madam this your Captive;  
How I have kept my faith, can now acquaint you.  
Better then I —

*Herm.* Oh! Gods! *Andromache!* —

*Androm.* Yes 'tis this Princess, who is twice a Widow,  
And twice a slave in Greece, but who shall yet,  
At your own Sparta boldly brave you all,  
Since from your cruelty my Son is safe.

For I perceive —

*Orestes* now did to delight your rage,  
And by your order in this fact engage.  
To you he comes to render up the right,  
To all the Glory of this sad exploit.

I little thought the Gods could ought have done,  
T' encrease my misery, and not kill my Son.

# Andromache. A Tragedy.

43

And for my Eyes a Spectacle did keep,  
For any but my Lord should make me weep.

— a bloody way you find,  
To blot a while his memory from my mind.  
More barbarous then *Achilles* or his Son,  
You by this deed have all their crimes out-don'd.  
And a new way of cruelty have chose,  
You make me here lament my greatest Foe.  
Why Madam, for what crime did *Pyrrhus* dye?  
I more then you his cruelty did try:  
His Tyrant Love my honour did invade,  
And me unfaithful to my Husband made.  
Yet stead of blood, so soft I did appear,  
I could not make it cost him but a Tear.

*Herm.* How then is *Pyrrhus* dead?

*Orest.* Madam, our *Greeks* —  
Have as I promised, given him his due,  
Punish'd his treacheries to *Grace* and you.  
Th' unfaithful Prince they all encompass round,  
And strove whose hand should give the deadly wound.  
Each did the glory to his own design,  
Whilst all contending left no room for mine.  
A while he strove —  
But straight before the Altar fell, and stain'd  
That place with blood his falshood had profan'd.  
She I have sav'd, our Triumph to compleat, *[showing Andromache]*  
Now to our Fleet let us with speed retreat.

Our valiant Friends  
All cover'd with the Blood I promis'd stay,  
Our persons hence in safety to convey.

*Herm.* What have they done?

*Orest.* Forgive their hasty zeal.  
I find you think your vengeance half betray'd,  
Since the assault by other Swords was made.  
When dying, he perceiv'd not 'twas for you,  
But what they did, I lead e'm on to do.

*Andromache. A Tragedy.*

You may the vengeance to your self assume,  
The *Greeks* did only execute your doom.

*Herm.* Peace Traytour, to thy self assume the pride,  
Of being an infamous base regicide.  
Amongst thy bloody *Greeks* applauded be,  
I disavow, abhor thy deed and thee.  
*Barbarian!* how durst thou with so rude  
And beastly rage, so brave a Life conclude?  
How durst thou live when thou the deed hadst done,  
And having shed his blood, not shed thy own?  
Speak! —  
Who made thee arbitratour of his fate?  
Say for what deed, why didst assassinate? —  
Who bid thee?

*Orest.* Gods! do I my sense retain?  
Was it not you that did his death ordain?

*Herm.* Wouldst thou a raving Lover then believe?  
And couldst not thou my inward thoughts perceive?  
By all I did thou mightst with ease espy,  
My heart each moment gave my tongue the lye,  
When thou perceivst my Soul with fury burn'd,  
Oughtest thou not, base Man, to have return'd  
A hundred times before the deed was done,  
Consult, perswade, or else my presence shun?  
Why leavest thou not to me to do me right?  
Why camst thou hither, where we hate thy sight?  
See thy Loves cursed fruit! — I find too late,  
Thou camest to taint me with thy wretched fate.  
To shed the plagues that follow thee, on me,  
And all of us may curse thy Embassie.  
Be gone! — I here will stay, and I proclaim,  
I *Sparta*, *Greece*, and all my friends disclaim.  
Repounce my family, which curst must be,  
That such a Master has produc'd as thee.  
Come Madam, come, your freedom I'll bestow, [*to An-*  
*Pyrrhus* ordain'd it — let us quickly go. *drom.*



# *Andromache.* A Tragedy.

45

Pay our last duties to his injur'd Ghost,  
And strive which of us shall revenge him most.

[*Exit. Herm. & Androm.*]

*Orest.* What have I seen? was this *Hermione*?  
She for whose sake I came to shed this blood!  
And was it *Pyrrhus* dyed! — am I *Orestes*?  
I stifled every reason did appear,  
Kill'd with regret, a King I did revere:  
Did violate all rights that appertain,  
To Sovereign Embassadors, or Men —  
Or Altars, which my fury did besiege,  
Committing Murder, Treason, Sacrilege.  
And all for an ingrateful one; who swore,  
If I not kill'd him; n'ere to see me more.  
And now I have accomplish'd her desires,  
His Blood and Life she at my hand requires.  
Loves Him — but me does as a Monster shun,  
Though she, and her commands have made me one.

*Enter Pylades.*

*Pylad.* Sir let us fly with speed out of the Temple,  
Or else resolve to tarry here for ever.  
Our *Grecians* for a while defend the Gates,  
But all th' assembled people now pursue us,  
Submitting to *Andromache's* commands;  
She as their Queen they treat, and us as enemies.  
*Andromache* to *Pyrrhus* so rebellious,  
Now pays him all duties of a faithful Widow,  
Their Kings revenge commands e'm to pursue,  
And will perhaps revenge her *Hector* too.  
Let us not stay till we are quite surrounded,  
Our *Greeks* are all prepar'd — and whilst *Hermione*:  
Does round her self the gazing people stay,  
We may our selves in safety hence conveigh.

*Orest.* No Friend, it is *Hermione* I'll follow! —  
I will no longer live under her hate,  
The crime I've done, I now will expiate:

*Pylad.* That cruel Woman still possess your thoughts!

Heark!

*Andromache. A Tragedy.*

Heark ! clash of arms ? the Temple is surrounded,  
Which way shall we escape ? —

[ looks out ] —

What do I see —

Oh ! fatal sight, *Hermione* all pale,  
And bleeding, hither by our Souldiers brought,  
With her dead *Pyrrhus*, — in transports of rage.  
Sh' has done some bloody violence to her self.

*Enter Greeks, bringing in the Bodies of Pyrrhus and Hermione.*

*Orest.* *Hermione* dead ? Oh ! Gods !

*A Greek.* Conveighing Sir,

The Body of King *Pyrrhus* to our Fleet,  
We were

Encountred by the Souldiers of *Andromache*.

To whose command now all things are subjected.

Whilst we were fighting for the royal prey,

*Hermione* with love and rage distracted,

Ran to it swiftly through the thickest Troops,

And in an instant,

Lifting her eyes to Heaven, and deeply sighing ;

Before the Guard that watcht could stay her hand,

She strook to the Hilt a Ponyard in her Breast,

And with a groan fell dead upon the body.

2. *Greek.* Through all their Guards we have conveigh'd e'm hither

And for a while have made *Andromache*,

Take refuge in the Palace — but must use,

The opportunity this moment offers,

To fly, or in this Temple be enclos'd for ever !

*Orest.* What do I see ? you angry Gods ! I thank you !

My misery does at the height appear,

And after this I have no more to fear.

Your harred Gods has now done all it can,

And shewn in me

Th' accomplisht model of a wretched man

[ grows a little raving ]

Where

# Andromache. A Tragedy.

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Where are the Lovers! — now my joy I'll crown;  
And in their blood and mine my self will drown.  
In spite of e'm I'll sleep by e'm in death,  
That little joy I'll to my self afford,  
And join three hearts which never could accord.  
But ha! — what frightful shades are these surround me?  
Where shall I go? what horror seizes me?

Dam up the infernal place,  
Rivers of blood, with purple Waves flow round me!

*Pyrrhus.* Oh! Gods! he grows distracted! Sir! *Orestes!*

Remove the horrid objects from his sight. [*they carry the*  
They have disturbed his reason! it is lost! *Body out.*

*Orestes.* Ha! *Pyrrhus!* have I met thee once again?

Once more encountred here my hated rival?  
Pierc'd with so many wounds, how hast thou sav'd thy self?

Art thou immortal, I'll resolve the mystery?

There! there's a blow that I reserv'd for thee?

What do I see? *Hermione* embracing him:

Embracing him in my sight — with her fair Arms,

Guarding him from the blow that threatens him?

What pale and frightful looks she casts upon me?

A train of Devils and Furies follow her.

At whom Damn'd Hags, do those your Serpents hiss?

Why do you plead e'm now about your brows.

For whom do you prepare those iron whips?

Here! here! come take me to eternal night.

*Orestes* to your rage resigns himself.

No—no—retire—leave me to *Hermione!*

She, she ingrateful better then you all,

Knows how to tear me — here, *Hermione!*

Here on *Orestes* all thy fury pour,

So here my heart I give thee to devour.

*Pyrrhus.* Oh! fatal sight! his reason's wholly gone!

See all that's left us of the brave *Orestes!*

This small remain of him —

Is yet to me more precious then my life! —

Come Friends, let's manage well this little moment.

Let's

*Andromache. A Tragedy.*

Let's hasten quickly to our Fleet, and save him!  
 Now whilst his wandering reason wholly leaves him,  
 To our dispose — if he his sense regain,  
 All our defence of him will be in vain. [an alarm,  
 He'll dye in spite of us — the Enemy is near —  
 Arm! Arm! —

*Enter Phoenix with a Guard, and fall on Pylades and Greeks;  
 who make good their retreat out of the Temple, still guarding  
 Orestes. After an alarm, Enter Andromache, leading young  
 Astyanax, followed by Cephe.*

*Androm.* Got to their Fleet! —

*Ceph.* I saw e'm from a Tower,  
 Maintain with wondrous courage their retreat,  
 And spite of all the fury of our Men,  
 Get safe aboard.  
 Whilst our enraged Souldiers on the shore,  
 Seeing their waving streamers mocked their fury,  
 Confounded betwixt rage and shame were ready,  
 To plunge into the Billows, and swim after e'm.

*Androm.* Ye Gods! what mysteries of fate are these,  
 That I should here revenge my enemies?  
 The fierce revenger of his death become,  
 Who should have dyed upon my Husbands Tomb.  
 Come Child from this unhappy place let's fly!  
 But whither shall we leave our misery?  
 Who to the unfortunate will kind appear,  
 The wretched are unwelcome every where!  
 On the wide Sea we rove where Tempests roar,  
 And are forbid to Land on every shore.  
 All the Estates of Greece are not ashamed,  
 'Gainst a poor Infant to have Wars proclaim'd,  
 And all the help our wretched fate affords,  
 Is but to fly from them to seek new Lords. *Exeunt*

— *Enter Phoenix with a Guard, and fall on Pylades and Greeks;  
 who make good their retreat out of the Temple, still guarding  
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 Astyanax, followed by Cephe.*